Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyzd,
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied,
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In th'end of Autume turned to the Rams,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these woolly breeders in the acte,
The skilfull shepheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceiuing, did in eaning time
Fall party-coloured lambes, and those were *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.
Ant. This was a venture sir, that *Iacob* ser'ud for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swayd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and siluer, Ewes and Rams?
Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast,
But note me signior.
Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio*,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy witnesse,
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falshood hath.
Shy. Three thousand ducats, tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.
Ant. Well *Shylocke*, shall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vsances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For sufferance is the badge of all our Tribe)

You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And spet vpon my *Iewish* gaberdine,
And all for vse of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you need my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would haue monies, you say so:
You that did voyd your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre
Ouer your threshold, money is your suite,
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A curre can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key,
With bated breath, and whispring humblenesse
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on wendsday last,
You spurn'd me such a day another time,
You call'd me dog: and for these curtesies
Ile lend you thus much monies.
Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee to.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breed for barren mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the shames that you haue stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doyte
Of vsance for my monies, and you'l not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.
Bass. This were kindnesse.
Shy. This kindnesse will I show,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merry sport,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.31) Octavo